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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, August 18, 1933 | Number Twenty Eight

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

With all due apologies I have in mind to indulge in further reminiscences of my early boyhood days:

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Coming to California while still a lad I found myself, after wandering over the state from the Southland, at the corner of 7th Street and Broadway, Oakland. I stood at gaze wondering what to do next, and where to go. Just then a squad of Bulls rounded up a about a dozen hoboes right at my elbow. My indecision was instantly at an end. I knew just where I wanted to go—and that was in the opposite direction from that of the Bulls with the unhappy hoboes in tow.

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I started straight out Broadway without a moments hesitation. I did not run, you understand, But I made something of a record until I had cleared 14th Street, which was at that time the end of the improved section of Oakland. While meandering along I kept a sharp lookout over my shoulder for those fearsome Bulls, but none molested me. After a time I came to the right-of-way of the Southern Pacific Railway. Even in that far-off day it was difficult to travel far without coming in contact with that Company's property.

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Well, I walked along that right-of-way unti at length I came to about where the present depot of that company now is at Richmond where I sat down and mopped my fevered brow and rested my blistered feet—also my face and hands; for be it remembered it was in the month of July, just shortly after our Country's natal day.

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While thus engaged, I gazed out over the marsh land covered with marsh grass and indulged in speculations as to the future of such a place as this. The landscape was dotted here ad there with mules and jackasses and an occasional hog. I recall that I tried to find my good brother Parr among those other animals, but it was a failure, which was a great disappointment to me for a time. I had in mind at first that he must either be hiding behind some of those animals, or that he

(Continued on Editorial Page)

Grand Jury

Naturally we were pleased to note that the Grand Jury in its final report states a saving of $269,064 this year. Most of this amount came from the school department, which consumes the largeest portion of ou rtaxes. Strangely enough, the schools are one major feature of our government which are seldom criticised because no one wants to be in the position of arguing against education; and yet after the well-known events of the past year when the Grand Jury—the great bulwark of Amercan jurisprudence—found the way open to this department practically every known method of political chicanery such as "salaries without authorization," "illegaly endorsed checks," "cut backs," etc., were found.

Mrs. S. S. Ripley, George Thornton, George Lee, and H. W. Creeger were the Richmond members of the Grand Jury of which J. D. Baldwin, Danville, was foreman and Milton Vanderslice, Walnut Creek, a prominent member. And thanks are due to every juror. Nex year it is hoped by many of us that the activities of the Grand Jury will not only consider the county departments in all their glory but reach into every city, including Richmond.

City Council

The striking fact about the city council meeting last Monday night was that our good friend and capable City Attorney, Tom Carlson, took pity on the board and voluntarily came forward with a voluntary offer to cut his own salary $50 per month. One can't very well disagree with a sportsman of that type, and all present agreed to accept Tom's suggeston except Councilwoman Mattie Chandler who (in the interests of the struggling tax payer-) felt he ought to be allowed to put in his expense account when away from the city on city business. Well, anyone who knows Tom Carlson as well as this editor knows him knows that he does not split nickels whether he is giving charity or out on business for Richmond; and he has spent many a dollar for this city without turning in an expense account. but the idea was to decrease the amount expended n the C. A.'s office, not to increase it, so the motion went through. Our hat's in the air to you, Tom!

The Progress desires to compliment Sergeant Frank Fray and Officer Jack Kynock for the splendid police work in apprehending a dangerous armed robber at 16th and Macdonald last week.

At the Fox Theatre

Tonight and Saturday, 18-19, "Her Bodyguard" with Edmund Lowe, Wynne Gibson, and "California Trail," Buck Jones. Sun.-Mon., 20-21, "Storm at Daybreak" with Kay Francis, Walter Huston, also "Professional Sweetheart," with Ginger Rogers, Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh. Tues. 22, "The Silver Cord," with Irene Dunn, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, also Ladies Glassware Night. Wed.-Thurs., 23-24, "Mama Loves Papa," with Charles Ruggles, Mary Bolan, Lilyan Tashman.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN F. GALVIN, SR.

Dear Mr. "Colon:"

Having felt your waning political power, exerted on some of our advertisers who have quit the Progress, unwillingly and under pressure, may I suggest that you carry your questionable methods of attempting to kill this paper through to our subscribers who, strangely, have been coming in, in increasing numbers, with money and encouragement since Semi-colon came into our midst.

How much better it would be if you were to use the front page of the Richmond Daily Independent and answer to the people the following questions which we now ask you:

1. Did you make any money out of the Parr lease—for advertising or otherwise?
2. What was the position of your paper toward the, now happily defunct, "star chamber" sessions of the council?
3. What do YOU think is the proper tax rate and property assessment of Richmond today?
4. During the past twenty years have you shown any interest in Point Richmond advertisers until approximately two weeks ago? Why this sudden interest in this section of the city?
5. What benefit has your paper been to the taxpayers of this city in the past ten years?

Indicate in one single instance where you have advocated a reform of our city government, or to lower the taxes.

We challenge you to indicate in any instance since the birth of the Point Richmond Progress wherein it has not stood for a reform of the city government and a lessening of the burdens of the people. Knowing you can't deny that, isn't it a fact that that is the reason for your extraordinary interest in Point Richmond advertisers?

To kill this paper as you did the Richmond Terminal in which Lee Windrem was telling the people the truth about the Parr lease and our City government?

HARRY R. BURT.

LOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD AS RADIO TECHNICIANS

Bernard Bernes and Charles Henry, local boys, have made good with a vengeance in their chosen avocation of Radio technic. As short wave experts both of the boys have progressed until, taking the required examinatons a few weeks ago they approximated 100 per cent, and are now regularly employed by station KROW

Mr. August Bernes, a brother, who teaches school at Hawthorne Nevada, and who is also interested in radio work, brought his bride to Point Richmond recently; and the happy couple are now honeymooning in Los Angeles preparatory to the fall term.

Miss Kellom Returns

We are pleased to note the return of our splendid postmistress, Miss Lucy Kellom from her vacation at Yosemite and in Sonoma County. The Point postoffice now closes between 11 and 12 each morning. Forms for Civil Service examinations may be obtained at the Point Postoffice, and an examination is coming up for a Power Drill Operator and Blaster, salary $1320 per year. Those interested are advised to tell Miss Kellom.

Progress Visitors

Our good riend, Pete Perasso, was out Wednsday and gave us the splendid ad you will see in this edition. Pete and his brother, Joe, deserve a boost for the fine way in which they are handling the garbage contract, and now they have signed up on the NRA. We know our Point Richmond folk will not forget them.

MARTENS TO RETURN SOON FROM TRIP TO GERMANY

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Martens, owners of the bakery, will be pleased to know they have left Schleswig on August 17 on the S. S. Deutscland on their return trip. They will visit the world's fair in Chicago on their way home.

Galileo Club to Play

Pete Robbiano, captain of the local Italian Tennis team, announces his boys are now ready for the fray and will journey to Palo Alto Sunday to take on one of the strong peninsula teams. Good luck, Pete.

"Buy in Point Richmond Stores and Help Bring Back Point Richmond Prosperity."

The Progress is in receipt of a colorful postcard from our good friend, Sam Ripley, at Pasadena, where George Imbach, Tear Calfee, Charlie St. John, Commander Earl Davis, and others with himself are attending the American Legion Convention.

At The Richmond Theatre

Tonight, Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," also Richard Barthelmess in "Cabin in the Cotton." Sat. 19, Chester Morris in "Breach of Promise," and "King of Jungle." Sun.-Mon., 20-21, Geo. Sidney and Charles Murray in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble" and "Tiger Shark." 22-23, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., in "Parachute Jumper" and "Woman Accused," and Thurs.-Fri., 24-25, Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel," and Tom Mix in "Flaming Guns."

School Board

MEETING AT SCHOOL HOUSE TO CONSIDER BUS PROBLEM

Last Friday afternoon at Washington School the meeting of the School Board was held to consider the school bus problem. President Hughes and Messrs. Downer, Hislop and Scott were in attendance, as well as Superintendent Helms, Mr. Shallenberger and Mrs. Viola Petersen, our principal. There are about 80 pupils from the Point at the junior high schools and about 40 at the high school. Among the many interested parents who attended, Mrs. Allyn and Mrs. Marchisio spoke, and it was finally decided that the pupils may use the street cars this year without cost to them individually. Tickets are obtained at the high school.

PROGRESS SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS RAPIDLY INCREASING

We are sorry that we cannot give proper space to all the fine things said about us by the great number of new subscribers who have come in with their money to help this "disturbing element" get along.

The number of paid subscribers is now well over the 400 mark, slightly more than half of whom are over on "the other side." Which is as it should be, for while this paper is the Point Richmond Progress it is only natural that a paper representing the solid people here in their fight for good government should be recognized by all Richmond people for what it does.

If to Point people it should sometimes seem that we do not play up the Point news exclusively, let us assure you the problem is entirely financial, and thanks to your renewed subscriptions which are coming in fine it will not be long until the Progress will become a paper of which you can be more than proud. The Progress is owned and operated by Point Richmond residents.

LOWERY OFFERS 50,000 VOTES TO MISS DEMOCRACY

The young lady who obtains the highest number of votes in Richmond for the Miss Democracy campaign will receive 50,000 votes from Edwin B. Lowery who has secured them by selling tickets to the picnic and will offer them as a premium.

Latest figures in the race show Miss Stella Vance of Richmond leading the local lassies with 75,500 votes. Others in the race are Mildred Armstrong, Dorothy Hearn, Jennie Lucille Lee, Clara Spuzio, Yvonne Chancelet, Grace Buchanan, Ruth Parker, Mae Hadley and Blanche Floyd.

All that is necessary is to sell votes to the big Democratic Picnic to be held in La Honda Bowl on September 3rd. And it is hoped a Richmond girl will become queen of thee day. However, Marjorie Nelson, Antioch, 87,200 votes; Frances Grant, Pittsburg, 84,600; Edith Martignoni, 83,400; and Frances Fitzgerald, Rodeo, 79,100 votes are leading Miss Vance by that margin this week.

FORLORN ISLAND

By EDISON MARSHALL

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THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

With his yacht, the Intrepid, abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, sailing with his mother, his daughter Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. Failing to secure sailors, Horton engages a bunch of nondescripts. A gigantic Pole, Sandomar, is their leader. At the request of Captain Waymire, the Intrepid's skipper, an old friend, Eric Ericssen, holding master's papers, but unemployed, engages to sail as chief officer. Nan, attracted by Eric, indulges in a moonlight flirtation, which brings them both to the threshold of interest in each other, if not of love. The Intrepid is wrecked by one of Sandomar's crowd. Eric takes command of a small boat, with Horton's party. Unable to help, they watch Sandomar kill Captain Waymire and leave the ship with his crowd. Waymire has thrown Eric a revolver. From one of the Aleut Indians, ashore, who speaks a little English, Eric learns there is no communication with the outside world. Fireheart, priestess of the island, descended from a white man in the remote past, also knowing some English, welcomes the castaways. Sandomar declares there shall be no law on the island, but Eric, having the only gun, cows him for the time, declaring he is the law, and lays out work for all. Nan faces the situation bravely. Eric's love for her, first felt on the Intrepid, swells, and he tells her he means to win her for his mate. She is not unwilling. Fireheart claims Eric as her own, to his dismay. Defending himself from an attack by Sandomar and his crony "Garge," Eric's revolver apparently misfires, but his assailants flee. Eric finds the revolver is rim-fire, while five of its six cartridges are center-fire. He has one cartridge with which to protect his party from Sandomar and his brutes. He determines on a showdown. Calling a meeting, at which "Swede," one of the gang, makes an attempt on his life, he uses his one cartridge, killing "Swede," but is left defenseless, though for the time master of the situation. Fireheart claims his love, making threats.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—9—

"I believe so. Even leaving out Roy—and he's always in my thoughts—I'd still fear that it was only shipwreck that brought us together, and shipwreck would surely part us. Our ways are far apart. I want to go back to my old life; I wouldn't dare, no matter how much I am tempted, erect a permanent barrier to shut it out; and it's a life that you, of all men, could never share."

"No. I'll have to stay by the sea and the snow. . . . Well, in that case I suppose you and Roy might as well follow Marie and Wilcox. The same as Marie, you'll be safer as some man's mate. It will please Fireheart, and maybe I can forget a hopeless dream." His eyes were hard as blue diamonds. "The sooner you do it the better."

"I don't think I love him, yet. But if you think best—I'll make a marriage of convenience."

For a long time there was no sound but the angry surge of the waves under the cliff, and the shriek of the sea-birds.

Eric was called to himself at last by the flick of a long shadow at the corner of his eye. He was never to know why it startled him so, and could only thank some sixth sense which his life's war with the raw powers of the North had nurtured in his brain. His head never turned, but his eyes moved in their sockets.

Along the crest of the bluff, forty feet up, Fireheart came stealing. She was almost directly behind and over Nan.

Eric had caught only one glimpse of the priestess when she vanished behind the big boulders of the summit. With the sensation of sudden bitter cold in his vitals, he sprang to his feet and whirled. He was not a split second too soon, and quite possibly too late. Destruction in the shape of a hundred-pound boulder started lunging down the bluff.

Nan was sitting in the trough of the slope, in the certain track of the missile. Even a glancing blow would hurl her off the ledge, to the churning water below. Yet two factors fought for her—one was Eric leaping toward her now, his hand sweeping toward hers. The other was the shape of the stone, not round but angular, so that it made toward her in angry bounds, sometimes sliding on the steep escarpment, rather than in an accelerating cannon-ball roll.

Struggling up, her hand snatched his. He seemed to jerk her headlong through the air into his arms. Thunder rattled in her ear, a passing whirlwind raised the hair on her head, and the big rock splashed impotently into the sea.

Eric's arm clung about her shoulders, pressing her close as though he could never let her go.

"There's some one up there," she gasped.

"It's Fireheart."

"Did she do this thing?"

"Perhaps not. Many of those boulders start at a touch. But we've got to find out."

He turned and led the way up the steep trail. They found Fireheart on the summit, her arms rigid at her sides, her head thrown back, a sharp agony on her face. Quietly Eric spoke her name.

"I no roll the stone," she muttered. "I see him on brink, just over white girl, I touch him, and evil spirit get in Fireheart's hand, give big push."

"I understand," Nan said. "Don't worry about it any more."

"Fireheart no understand." The slanted eyes were thin crescents of glittering jet. "Why White Chief jump up, almost get hit himself, jerk you out of way? Guess maybe he no catch love for Fireheart because he love you."

Nan knew that she must answer straight. This was neither the time nor the place for subtleties. All things had been reduced to their primal simplicity. She and Fireheart were not now society girl and squaw, but just two maidens ripe for mating; and Eric completed the triangle that is the first form, the eternal symbol of love-selection that has evolved mankind.

"He doesn't love me," Nan said quietly. "He told me so."

"How Fireheart know? Maybe you tell big lie." Fiercely she whirled to Eric. "She say you no love her. Then you promise no try to get her, let Roy marry her quick."

"I can't promise that." It was Eric's deep, vibrant tone, no less than his words, that made Nan catch her breath. "I am going to try to win her, Fireheart. I wanted her before I ever came here—you must understand it now, and be my friend. I don't mean to let Roy have her."

Fireheart nodded darkly, then turned imperiously to Nan. "You love White Chief?"

Nan shook her head slowly.

"He say he want you, try get you. If you tell Fireheart you no want him—promise true you no let him get you, no never—promise marry Roy heap quick—then Fireheart still be your friend, be White Chief's friend, too. What you say?"

"Answer her," Eric urged. "This matter may as well be settled now as later."

Nan squared her shoulders and threw up her glossy head. Then she spoke with a low, clear 'cello tone.

"I can't promise that. I can't—make a promise—that I may—have to break."

Eric's heart leaped like a king-salmon free of the barb, triumphant from the dark water, but the squaw's black eyes glowed like those of some tenacled bottom-thing, hauled up by the trawls. "Fireheart see now. She no forget. Her love is big ocean in sunlight, bright, warm, good, but her no-love is heap white floe come down from North, no look across, no make hole through, grind up big rocks to little pebble."

"Won't you still be our friend?" Eric asked.

Fireheart shook her head sullenly. "Love, him change to no-love, taste bitter in mouth." She raised her arms in an imperious and dramatic gesture. "I am Fireheart, priestess of Lost People. Aleuts, they do what I say. I tell 'em you no my friend, I tell 'em watch chance, turn quick with spears when you no have little gun, kill you, drive you away. Big god who come from West, he do what Fireheart say too. I tell him bring you bad luck, make you die slow, plenty hurt. Fireheart, she wish stone run over you both, knock you into sea."

* * * * * * * *

Exile on Forlorn island changed slowly from an incredible dream to vivid reality. Eric's stern reign seemed like that of an ancient dynasty, the natural order of things. It was commonplace to be living in the hourly threat of Sandomar's fury, Fireheart's malice. As Nan toiled with her slant-eyed sisters, less and less often did her swift hands pause and her eyes film over as she day-dreamed of a lost world, a pre-existence half-forgotten.

In these wild days, her laughter as well as her tears seemed easy to flow. Her thrills were no longer "synthetic"; she was warmer, less self-centered. This growth was revealed, not only in her quick moods—mirth, indignation, pity, loneliness—but subtly in her face. Her hands grew red and calloused, but in the shadow of her parka-hood the luster of her hazel eyes set Roy's cool head awhirl, and the curve of her full lips made Eric's viking heart glow with the lust of conquest.

It was the month of ripening, bud to flower, fledgling in the nest to winged courier of the air; but Nan's friendship for Roy had not yet ripened into love. Marriage with him would still be for convenience, not for deep need of her heart and soul. And it was true that Eric stole too often into her thoughts. Her good sense told her that Eric could never share the scenes to which some time she must return—that beyond these crags and windy wastes they would have little in common—but how dreamy those scenes became, and how vivid and real the sand-dunes of Forlorn island! The barrier between her and the blond viking was not half so strong as the sea reefs enforcing her exile. Future shipwreck as his mate was a far-tomorrow's evil, but the shelter of his arms was today's need.



Thunder Rattled in Her Ear, and the Big Rock Splashed Impotently Into the Sea.

In the maze of adventure, part and parcel of her exile, she saw Eric in a new light. One warm afternoon at the drying racks, a young squaw at her side gave a sudden, sharp gasp. Wheeling, she beheld the shadow of agony fall on the leathern face, linger a few poignant seconds, then pass slowly away.

"What is it?" Nan begged.

The squaw, a last fall's bride named Chigum (Flower), could not understand the words, but the quick pity in the alien eyes went straight to her heart. A forlorn half smile touched the coarse lips. The eyes gazed off as into another world, down the long vista of the centuries with that far, magic sight which no son of Adam ever dreamed, and which comes to Eve's daughters only a few times from the cradle to the grave. "Koticky," she answered simply. At once she began to put her flint tools into her sealhide poke, signifying that she would go now to another labor.

"Koticky" was a word that Nan had learned. It meant "baby." As she stared bewildered, Chigum turned and trudged away toward her turf house. The other squaw grunted and went back to drying fish.

"Aren't you going with her?" Nan demanded.

They looked up, puzzled, and one of them spoke in a tone dark with fatalism. At once Nan realized that she alone must answer the call. Mother Horton and Marie were in the berry-flats, out of reach; Eric and the hunters were spearing sea-lions on the far beach. With a bitter cry Nan dropped her own tools and hurried after the squat figure reeling to her dread appointment.

For Nan, this was the beginning of revelation. She was swept into a primal drama that rent her heart. In the gloom of the turf-house, Chigum kept her rendezvous with the Eternal. Save for a crippled ancient, Chigum's father, the two women were alone.

The daylight began to fail. The old Aleut lighted the stone lamps, but he knew no way to help, and he did not understand Nan's frantic pleas to summon Mother Horton. Apparently the two women must fight it through unaided—when Nan tried to break free and seek aid, the cold hand locked fast on her own.

Presently the door flew open, someone crouched to enter and a tall figure took the lamplight. A dry choking cry broke from her tense throat. Perhaps this was just thankfulness that help had come; but she was swept by some stranger, deeper emotion—a kind of exultation, a sure sense of fulfillment—when she saw Eric's face in the gleam. . . . Sane, cool-headed Marie would be useful here—wise Mother Horton a tower of strength—but Eric was best of all.

Victory was certain, now. Chigum would come up from the valley. Eric and Nan would be doctor and nurse. What teammates they were, comrades in arms! Eric took in the situation with one sweep of his resolute eyes. Wheeling to the old native, he gave an order in sign language and a few words of Aleut. The old man hobbled out; Eric bent over the squaw.

"She's all right, I think," he said. "If she can just last out a few minutes more—"

He spoke to her in kindly, encouraging tones. There was not the least horror for him or for Nan, nor the slightest shame. It was Mother Earth who gave according to her ancient wisdom, teaching a lesson almost too poignant for mortal heart.

When Eric was tossing the little brown newcomer in the air, Mother Horton burst in with dim eyes glittering. But the fight was won. The mother lay gasping, well out of the shadow, and with fair luck and a few hours' rest could return to the drying racks.

When three of the older squaws trooped over to help with the nursing, Eric noticed a strange thing. When they even looked at the infant, Chigum's eyes grew wide with dread; and when they bent to take the baby from her arms, she snatched it close with a moan.

"What's frightened her so?" Nan demanded. "She's like a wild animal—"

"I don't know, but I can guess," Eric answered. He listened briefly to what seemed a pitiful plea bubbling from Chigum's trembling lips, then sent for his interpreter.

When Chechaquo came, he soon made the situation clear. "Chigum, she afraid squaws will take baby out on beach, give him to wind," he explained casually. "Too many people on island. Too many mouths, not enough meat. Squaws do this long time when too many babies born."

Nan went white with indignation. "Chechaquo, tell those women that if they touch a hair of that baby's head, Eric will kill them." Her eyes fairly blazed. "If he doesn't, I will! Explain to him, Eric," she begged. "You won't let them carry out that horrible custom!"

"You say—no let baby die?" Chechaquo asked.

"Tell them that the baby must live. There will be plenty of meat for all. If anyone harms the baby, he'll be harmed the same."

Chechaquo translated the command amid a poignant silence. The squaws nodded, glad to be spared the grim office, but the old Aleut rose from his corner, hobbled into the lamplight, and spoke in tremulous, excited tones.

"He say, if baby live, whole tribe have bad luck," Chechaquo interpreted. "When one too many born, one have to die. Old gods say so, long time ago; if people no obey, old gods get mighty mad, raise h—l, birds no fly, fish no run."

"Tell him that the old gods are dead," Eric answered gravely. "I will take all the bad luck on my head. Tell him straight that the baby is not to be harmed. It is the New Law. And not to be afraid—the God of the ikon and the candlestick rules the island now, and forbids the killing of children."

When the patriarch heard, he nodded and returned to his corner. Nan thought she saw a dull glow steal into his deep-set eyes.

After their belated supper by the beach-fire, Eric and Nan turned again toward Chigum's turf-hut. "I don't entirely trust those squaws and maybe not the old man, either," Nan said. "Anyway, I want to see if she's comfortable."

They walked leisurely at first, but before they reached the door they were almost running. But the scene by the flickering oil lamp soon relieved their fears. Chigum lay with her baby at her breast, her broad face radiant, her long eyes darkly lustrous, her coarse lips curled in a wistful half-smile. Eric bent over her a full minute before he chanced to see that the old Aleut was no longer in his corner.

"Where is Anulga (Cormorant)?"

Chigum shook her head with a fateful air. Her eyes moved furtively in their almond slits. Suddenly Eric and Nan found themselves erect, each reading the truth in the other's blanching face.

"You don't think—" Nan began.

"I know it. Life must pay for life, those were his last words. Who can understand these people! I'll get Chechaquo—we might save him yet."

Eric sprinted from the room, and Nan heard him shout as he ran up the village row. Chechaquo, jerked out of his fur-bed, was at first evasive, and only when Eric clutched his shoulder with iron fingers, did he stutter out the truth. The old gods must be propitiated. It was the ancient law of the island, laid down by Tanaga, the first man who came from heaven, that life must pay for life. White Chief did not permit Chigum's baby to be given to the winds, so Anulga took its place. Otherwise birds would not fly, nor salmon run.

"Chechaquo not know. He gone. He leave hut while you eat meat, say goodby to old men, go away to big cliff across island. You no catch him. He make medicine to gods, jump in sea by now."

There was no time to waste, so Eric sped back to Chigum's hut. "I'm going to try to catch him," he told Nan. "It's a long, dark trail, and you'd better stay here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Most Uncomfortable Man

"When you's talkin' 'bout taxes," said Uncle Eben, "I kin say f'um experience dat de most uncomfortable man is de one dat's so pore he don't have to pay none at all."

How Badger Hides

The badger, night prowling animal, if disturbed in the daytime tucks its head and feet under its body to hide.

J. O. Walin, 640 15th Street called up to say the boy had failed to deliver his paper. Sorry, Mr. Walin, but that's the only way we can check up; and we ask our other subscribers to favor us by calling if the best paper in Richmond doesn't reach you promptly every Friday!

Looking After Our Indians

The government's Indian service controls some 200 reservations, 170 schools and 100 hospitals.

Bats Have "Homing Instinct"

Like domesticated pigeons, bats have a "homing instinct," as has been proved by tagging them, the scientists tell us. That is the reason why they are so hard to get rid of once they have taken up their abode in a house.

Velocity of Projectile

The United States bureau of standards says that the velocity of a projectile fired vertically is the same ascending and descending.

Leading Ailments

According to health statistics, neuritis, lumbago, sciatica and similar illnesses incapacitate more men and women for their daily work than any other ailments.

King's Second Wife Deformed

Anne Boleyn, second wife of King Henry VIII, had a slight deformity. One of her hands had an extra finger, which, however, was little more than a stump covered by a nail turned up at the sides. She wore gloves whenever possible, but Queen Catherine embarrassed her rival by compelling her to play cards without gloves.

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1 Pint 14 oz. Jar 29c

Sani Pure Waxed Paper
125 Foot Roll . . 19c
40 Foot Roll . . . 9c

DISHINE TOWELS
Hemmed-Ready for Service
1 doz. Pkg. 99c

Baking Powder Clabber Girl
10 oz. can 9c

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER RABBIT GROWS IMPATIENT

EVERY evening that the way seemed clear and safe Peter Rabbit scampered across from the Dear Old Brier Patch to the Smiling Pool to see how Jerry Muskrat was getting on with the building of his new house. Peter's curiosity was impatient. Curiosity is apt to be impatient. He wanted to see the walls of that new house rise out of the water, but night after night he was disappointed. There wasn't a thing above water to show that Jerry Muskrat was building a house there. There was just the muddy water and occasionally the head of Jerry as he came up for a breath of fresh air to show that something was going on there.

After a few nights of this sort of thing Peter began to be doubtful. He began to doubt if Jerry was really building a house at all. He said as much to Grandfather Frog. "It seems to me," said he, "that there ought to be some signs of that house if there is ever going to be one. I'm beginning to think that it was all a bluff on Jerry Muskrat's part. I don't believe he is building a house at all. He has been working long enough to have built two houses, it seems to me, yet there isn't a thing to show for it."

Grandfather Frog rolled his great goggly eyes up at Peter sitting on



"A Lot you Know About It, Peter," Said He.

the bank and stretched his big mouth in the broadest of grins. "Perhaps," said he, softly, "you could build that house better and faster than Jerry can."

Peter looked a wee bit foolish, just a wee bit foolish. He never had built a house in his life, and he knew that Grandfather Frog knew it. "Just the same, I think he is terribly slow about it," he protested. "If it takes him as long as all this just to get the foundations laid it will take him the rest of the year to finish the job, and cold weather will come before then."

Grandfather Frog chuckled. "A lot you know about it, Peter," said he. "A lot you know about it. I suppose you think that the biggest part of all the work on that house is what will have to be done above water. Let me tell you something, Peter. The part of that house which you will see when it is finished is the easiest part Jerry has to do. You ought to learn to dive, Peter, and then you would see and learn a lot you don't know now, and never will know."

Peter looked wistfully and longingly down into the Smiling Pool. "I wish I could," said he. "I certainly wish I could." When he noted how muddy the water was he suddenly changed his mind. "I guess I'm just as well satisfied as not," said he. "I'll take your word for it that there are interesting things down there under water. I know this, that if I could dive I never in the world would open my eyes in any such muddy water as that."

Grandfather Frog laughed. You know he doesn't mind muddy water at all. In fact, when he goes to the bottom of the Smiling Pool he goes right down into the mud itself. It seemed funny to him that anyone should mind muddy water. He rather liked it himself, because in it he could disappear so easily. Peter looked over to where the mud was being stirred up by Jerry Muskrat at work down below. "Just the same," said Peter, "I think Jerry is a long time building his house."

©, 1933, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

VERY CAREFUL



Father—Well, how did you come through the afternoon tea?

Deb Daughter—Came through all right, didn't spill anything on anybody but myself.

AMERICAN HEROINES

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Nancy Hart

IT IS unlikely that any novelist would make a heroine of a cross-eyed woman, but history must stick to its facts, and the nation has accordingly named the eighty-mile highway running south through Georgia from Elberton through Augusta and on into Florida the Nancy Hart road and set up along it nine markers in her honor.

Nancy was a heroine of Revolutionary days, a big, raw-boned woman, with muscles of iron and a way with guns which inspired local Indians to name a creek near her cabin at Elberton "War Woman Creek." She was a first cousin of Daniel Boone.

Georgia, though far removed from the outstanding battles of the Revolution, was however kept in constant turmoil by the inroads and depredations of the British. One day, when her husband was in the fields, five Tories, out to force the region to allegiance to King George, entered her cabin and demanded dinner. When Nancy protested that they had already made off with everything eatable, one of them shot the lone turkey gobbler scratching in the yard. Nancy kept her wits about her and set the turkey on to cook, taking care to use up all the water in the house in so doing. And when the dinner was done, it seemed but natural that young Sukey, Nancy's twelve-year-old daughter, should be sent for more water down to the spring, where she could blow the great conch horn to let her father know of their danger.

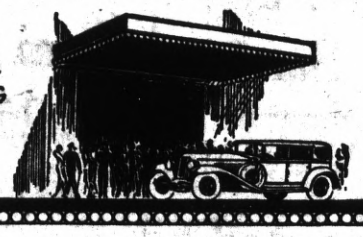
The five Tories, mellowed by repeated swigs from the jug they had with them and tempted by the savory smell of the food, stacked their arms by the stick and plaster fireplace and sat down to the meal in jovial mood. No sooner had they commenced to eat than Nancy slipped behind them, took up two of the guns and stealthily pushed them outside the cabin through an opening in the logs, to be ready for her husband and his men when they arrived. Just then one of the Tories espied her, and jumped to his feet. But Nancy, seizing a third gun and aiming it, told him to stop. The five hesitated. It was hard to tell at just which one of them the cross-eyed woman was aiming! Suddenly one man made a move. Nancy shot him dead. Another moved. She wounded him. When her husband finally arrived with help, Nancy still held the other three under cover, and it was at her request that they were afterwards taken out and hanged.

Palestine's Government

The government of Palestine was placed under the mandate of Great Britain which was passed by the council of the League of Nations on July 24, 1922, and became effective September 29, 1923. Palestine was formerly a vilayet of the Turkish province of Syria. Jerusalem had been in Moslem hands since 1244, and had been conquered in the Crusades, and had been under Turkish rule since 1517. It remained under British military administration until July 1, 1920, when Sir Herbert L. Samuel was appointed high commissioner and a civil government set up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL
Every room with tub and shower $1.50 to $2.50
Jones at Eddy. Garage under same roof.

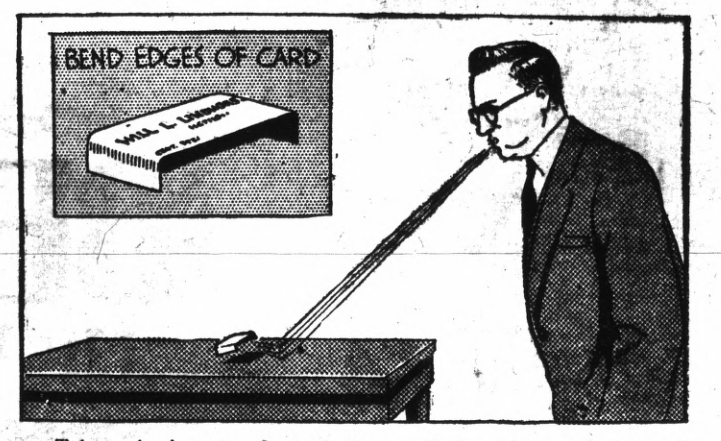
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TRICKS of MAGIC EXPLAINED by Will L. Lindhorst

A BENT CARD YOU CAN'T BLOW OVER



Take a business card, bend the lengthwise edges and stand the card on a table. Ask any person to stand off and try to blow the card over. The stronger the person blows and the closer his face is to the card, the less likely the card is to turn over. The trick is done by standing about two feet from the table, and blowing lightly, directing your breath slightly in front of the card.

(Copyright, Will L. Lindhorst.) WNU Service.

Appalachians Worn Down and Again Re-Elevated

The original materials from which the Appalachian mountains were made represent sediments deposited in a gradually subsiding trough, or depression, over exceedingly long periods of time. Finally, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker, after the deposition, or washing in, of such deposits to a depth of thousands of feet, a zone of weakness developed in the bottom of the trough, and the pressure of the earth's contracting crust forced the trough accumulations upward, probably through a slow and long-continued movement, until the materials of the old trough were transformed into a mountain range. This mountain system was worn down again, subsequently re-elevated, worn down once more and again elevated. It is now undergoing a tearing-down process, and a washing away and deposition of sediments that may again repeat past history. How the bottom of such a trough-like accumulation of sediments may become a zone of weakness is readily understood when it is remembered that with each 50 to 60 feet in depth the temperature increases about one degree Fahrenheit.



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Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

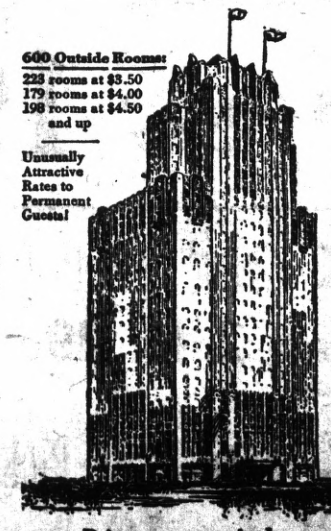
FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

*GOLF *THE FIREFALL
*SWIMMING *FISHING
*BEARS' BANQUETS
*RIVERSIDE BARBECUES
*MOONLIGHT RAINBOWS
*HIKING *SADDLE TRIPS
*TENNIS *DANCING
*EVENING CONCERTS

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YOSEMITE

San Francisco's Newest AND MOST MODERN Downtown Hotel!



600 Outside Rooms:
223 rooms at $3.50
179 rooms at $4.00
198 rooms at $4.50
and up

Unusually Attractive Rates to Permanent Guests!

Hotel Sir Francis Drake—just off Union Square—most convenient to theaters, shops, stores, business and financial district.

Only California hotel offering Servidor feature—thus enabling you to combine "maximum privacy with minimum tipping".

All rooms in the Tower with Western exposure have ultra-violet-ray (sun-bath) windows.

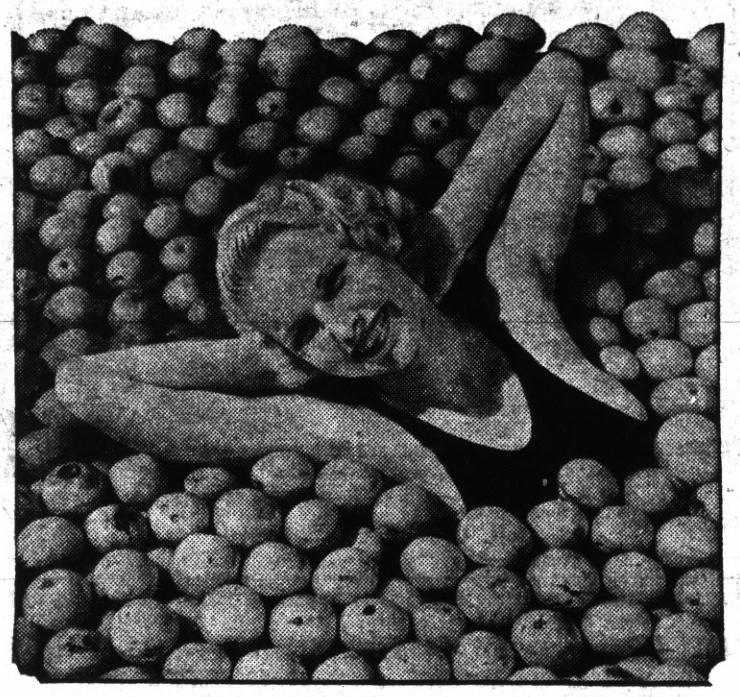
In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.

Dinner in Coffee Shop from 75¢ up—in Main Dining Room from $1.25 up. Also a la carte service.

Private garage in basement of hotel building with direct elevator service to Lobby and all guest-room floors!

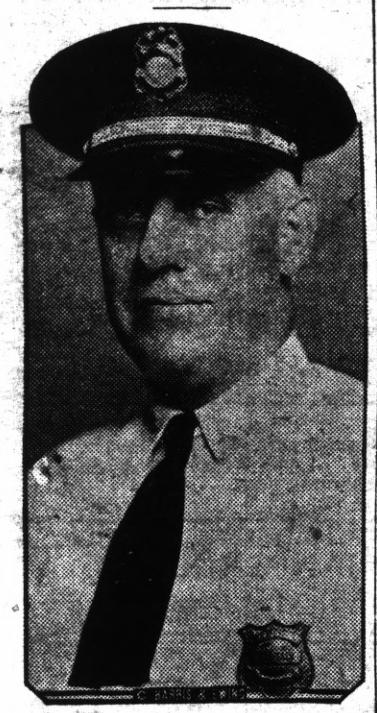
Hotel SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
Powell Street at Sutter · San Francisco

Orange Girl in Her Bed of Oranges



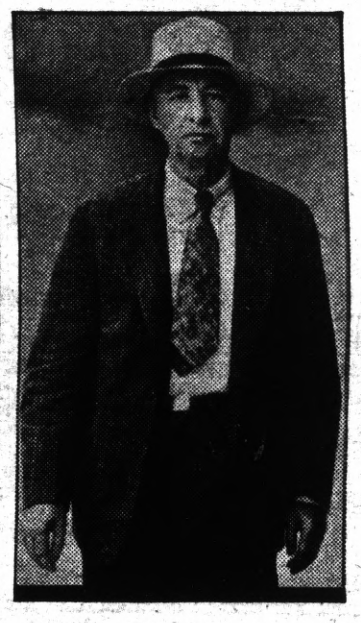
Pretty Miss Joyce Brooks was selected as the orange girl to participate in the Los Angeles county fair, September 15-24, at Pomona, Calif. Miss Brooks is shown here in a pool of the golden fruit getting acquainted with a portion of her domain.

CAPITOL POLICE HEAD



Capt. William S. Orthman, who was recently named chief of the police force of the United States Capitol in Washington. Captain Orthman was a member of the Chicago police force for many years.

NRA PUBLICITY MAN



Charles Michaelson, who has served as publicity director for the Democratic national committee, was selected to act in the same capacity for the national recovery administration. He also supervises the press "hand-outs" for the agricultural adjustment and public works administrations.

Taking a "Walk" on Lake Merritt



Winfield P. Rue tried out a new style of transportation on Lake Merritt, in California. In fact, this picture was taken while Rue was tramping across the lake for the weekly meeting of the Lake Merritt Breakfast club. The hydro-skis were devised by A. W. Owen of the Oakland recreation department.

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Man Attendant: Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.
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SANITARY PLUMBERS
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METAL WORKERS
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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

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HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
Subscription Rates; 5c Per copy
50c for 3 Months
85c for 6 Months; $1.50 for One Year

The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions. VICTORY NO. 1
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

THE N. R. A.

WHAT is the matter with so many of the rich in this country? Why can't they "be their age" and remember where they came from? The latest reaction from some of this parasitical group is a determined effort to head off President Roosevelt's N. R. A. plan on "constitutional" grounds!

Take this patriot (!) Henry Ford. If anybody ought to be FOR this "war" measure HE should be, with the Chevrolet trimming the socks off him every day.

Richmond Business Directory — Members And Boosters

WE DO OUR PART

Cooperating With The National Recovery Plan

38

Automobile Dealers
CURRY AUTO SALES
1401 Macdonald .... Richmond 1350

Cleaning Business
DON'S DEPENDABLE CLEANING
600 Macdonald ..... Richmond 940
CLEANATORIUM CLEANERS
318 6th St. .....Richmond 460

Drug Stores
PALMATEER'S PHARMACY
134 Washington ..... Richmond 127

Finance
CONTRA COSTA FINANCE & LOAN CO.
341 10th St. ..... Richmond 874

Feed & Fuel
JOHN EKLUND
1706 Macdonald Ave. .... Rich. 768

Men's Furnishings
G. J. ALLYN
130 Washington .... Richmond 2438

McRACKEN'S
1011 Macdonald .... Richmond 248

Meat Market
LUDEWIG'S RICHMOND MARKET
510 Macdonald ..... Richmond 1900

Printing and Stationer
AL. FURRER
721 Macdonald ..... Richmond 7

Printing
PROGRESS PRESS
140 Washington .... Richmond 3456

Plumbing
SPIERSCH BROS.
322-13 St. ..... Rich. 863-R

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KARL'S SHOE STORE
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WELDEN'S REMEDIES
For Sale at
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M. J. WELDING CO.
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Telephone Richmond 3097
Body - Radiator - Fender Work
Welding & Brazing of all Kinds
Prices Right
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Safe Sealed
The care with which this milk is prepared—THE FINAL SAFEGUARD—perfectly pasteurized milk, bottled in absolutely sterile containers, comes to you in the finest possible condition. No germs, no dust, with the efficient, easily removed
KLEN KAPS on AMERCAN MILK
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O. A. POULSEN
Jeweler
WATCH INSPECTOR FOR SANTA FE & S P RY'S
822 MACDONALD AVE
OPP FOX THEATRE

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

(Continued from Front Page)

had doffed his hat which made it impossible to distinguish him from—well anyway I did not see him.

✧ ✧ ✧

But it finally occurred to me that he couldn't be there—he he was probably at that time wearing a small triangular uniform and pounding his rattle or rag doll or teething ring against his crib. Because even at that early date we can imagine he was demanding the center of the stage.

✧ ✧ ✧

Many years later, little as I dreamed I would, I found myself a resident of Richmond; and I noted many of the residents which I first saw when I sat on the S. P. tracks were still here—aged perhaps, but honored by the community with political offices:

✧ ✧ ✧

"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin."

Egypt's Advancement

Egypt is said to have advanced more rapidly than any other oriental country in the last few years, though its pastoral life remains much the same as it has been for centuries. There are many hospitals and dispensaries throughout the country and free education has been in use since 1925.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO....

Bertel Peterson, Crest Avenue—because he graduated with highest honors in accounting at Heald's College this summer. Anyone who knows of a good bookkeeping job for Bertel won't be disappointed in him.

* * *

Thos. M. Carlson, City Attorney—because he is a good egg.

* * *

Tsar N. Calfee, Chief Deputy District Attorney—because he is always helping everybody, and is another good egg.

* * *

Aubrey Wilson, Coroner and owner of Wilson and Kratzer Funeral Home—because his ad has appeared in every issue of the Progress. Patronize Our Advertisers!

We Specialize on High PRESSURE LUBRICATION at a Moderate Cost.
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WEST SIDE ELECTRIC SHOP
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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union



He Had a Lot of Nerve

SUCH IS LIFE

by Charles Sughroe

TRUE WORDS





ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode



WNU Service

Father Sage Says:



Don't boss other people in their private behavior. Can't we walk the straight and narrow path ourselves without treading on everybody else's toes?

Edison's Ancestors

The ancestors of Thomas Alva Edison were mainly Dutch. His father's ancestors trace back to Revolutionary families on Long Island. His grandfather was a banker. His mother was a cultured Massachusetts woman of Scotch lineage.

DOWN AND OUT

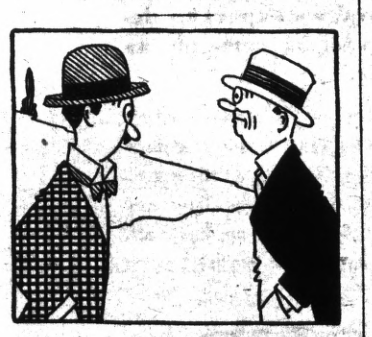


"One swallow doesn't make a spring."

"No, but it often makes one fall."



THE FUTURE



"You don't seem to bother much about the future, Jones."

"No; that never worries me until it becomes the present."

Corn Crops Grown Indoors

Corn crops can be grown indoors, by means of a method whereby the seed is sown in trays in a darkened room and treated with chemicals. In ten days the crop will be ten inches high and 40 per cent more nourishing than crops grown in the ordinary way.

Along the Concrete



Williams Junior College

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Have high school record sent for appraisal.

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Let Every Business - Large or Small Join in the "New Deal!"

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Perasso Brothers & Co.

Has adopted the President's Re-employment Agreement.

We have changed our hours of labor so that we can employ more men to give greater service.

Let's all do our part to make Richmond the "White Spot of the West."

Richmond Offers Winehaven

There is every indication that the shore facilities for the navy are to be increased and improved on the Pacific coast.

Richmond believes that if a supply base for the navy is to be established anywhere on the lower bay, Richmond has the site, and that site is Winehaven. Here is an ideal location for the purpose—opposite the Golden Gate, on the continental side of the bay, facing deep water, on the way to and from Mare Island, well equipped at the outset with warehouse and storage facilities and housing for the personnel.

Through **FRED D. PARR** of the industrial committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the claims of Winehaven will be strenuously advanced by the Chamber and the civic leaders of Richmond. The plant has long been idle and its use as a naval supply station would not only bring a large payroll to this city but would add tremendously to the prestige of Richmond.

Richmond is well represented in the bay-wide group working on the entire matter of a naval base for the bay and for making the bay the home base for the fleet. This representation will keep Winehaven constantly in mind and do all in its power to attract this new industry, acting with the full approval and support of the Chamber of Commerce. **P. M. SANFORD** has been named a member of a permanent reception committee to welcome Carl Vinson's House Naval Affairs Committee when it comes to San Francisco Bay in October, and for the reception of any other government representatives or committees sent here to investigate the naval base question.

All Richmond interests should support the move to bring the naval supply depot to Winehaven.

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Tall can 5c
DURKEE'S MAYONNAISE
New Low Price Pints 22c
BEST FOODS MAYONNAISE
Pints . . 24c Quarts . . 44c
SALAD DRESSING
Pints 17c
M. J. B. COFFEE
30c lb. 57c 2 lbs. 84c 3 lbs
JELL WELL All Flavors
Package 5c
Procter & Gamble's DASH
5 lb. package . . . 39c
35c Rubber Apron FREE with pkg.

Rights reserved to limit quantity

CHASSEUR'S GROCERY

Progress Visitors

Cheney P. White, who works in Marin County, and yet is a very substantial property owner of Richmond left a bunch of tax bills with us which show an ncreasing disrespect for present conditions. Mr. White said, "When I first came here, prospects looked good, and I invested what I had. Paid a big price for my lots, and now factories are not coming here. I pay my taxes right up promptly; but it looks like those in power want to tax us to death. Thanks be to your paper, however, it looks like we may yet have a chance to go ahead."

Thank you, Mr. White, for the compliment. We will do our best.

"Patronize Your Local Merchant"

Million Trees Planted

More than 1,000,000 trees have been planted along the state highways in beautification efforts during the last ten years.

Sherlock Holmes' First Effort

Sherlock Holmes made his first bow to the public in the novel "A Study in Scarlet," published in "Beeton's Christmas Annual," in 1887.

Charles I. Chamberlain, well-known Point resident and Standard Oil employee, sprung a surprise on his many friends when he applied for a marriage license in Oakland this week.

The lucky girl is Ann Peterman, of Oakland. Fine Charlie, when is he b'g event going to happen?

POINT Richmond Offers Half of the World!

AFTER reading the above ad, which as usual was printed in our Richmond daily papers "at the sole cost and expense of the city" our chamber got busyand concluded we cou'd give away others property with as much wild and reckless abandon as any of those birds could. We refuse to allow the Richmond Chamber of Commerce to be any more generous with the offer of other peoples property than we are.

That body, under the instructions of Mr Parr, and with the approval of Percy Sanford o'fers the government--Winehaven.

It is difficult to understand just how they propose to acquire it to give away- but let that go!

Now, I am instructed to offer the government all of the East Bay, as well as San Francisco, Richmond and Contra Costa County, and as far to the Southland as Los Angeles, and throw in the Chamber of Commerce with Mr. Parr-- and even Percy Sanford, free gratis and for nothing-- and we expect to deliver this big order as certainly as the above offer.

It reminds me of a time, years ago, when I told a man who owed me money that if he would pay me half we would call it square.

He said he could not possibly allow me to outdo him in generosity - so he threw off his half of the bill, and called it a day!

POINT RICHMOND CHAMBER of COMMERCE

Lee D. Windrem, Secy.

SANTA FE MARKET

ED MEURER, PROPRIETOR

CHOICE MEATS

155 W. Richmond Ave. Phone Rich. 163